THE FORTIETH DOOR

By Mary Hastings Bradley

Jack Ryder a young American, is doing some examing in Egypt and is induced by Jinoy Jeffries, earning in Egypt and is induced by Jinoy Jeffries, earning in Egypt and is induced by Jinoy Jeffries, earning in Egypt and is induced by Jinoy Jeffries, earning in Egypt and is induced by Jinoy Jeffries, and at her botel. He obtains a Scotch cosmisse from a friend, Andrew McLean, an attaché of mile from a friend, Andrew McLean, an attaché of mile form of a Freuch scholar who disappeared in the story of a Freuch scholar who disappeared in the desert fitteen years before. The man was respected to during the scholar was and supported to hunt up the child. But all trace is rone, statist to hunt up the child. But all trace is rone, statist to hunt up the child. But all trace is rone, statist to hunt up the child. But all trace is rone, statist to hunt up the child. But all trace is rone, statist in his recent and an instance of milature portrait of the ballows and the process of STNOPSIS.

sidal in the shift's horror and amarement. Ryder garden to the siril's horror and amarement. Ryder garden to the siril's horror and amarement. Ryder since her. That night her father informs her he lisses her. Ryder sees Aimée again, and bimelt from ruin. Ryder sees Aimée again, and when he learns that she is to be married leaves her in anger and returns to the desert to his excatarions. There he finds evidence which convinces rations. There he finds evidence which convinces which disappeared. He determines to rescue her, and who disappeared. He determines to rescue her, and on returns to Cairo. The pasha is suspicious and on returns to Cairo. The pasha is suspicious and on returns to cairo. The pasha is suspicious and on returns to cairo. The pasha is a way to seed Aimée the story of her French parentage. Aimée is unable to escape and is forced to marry through is unable to escape and is forced to marry through her foster father's plan. At the marriage feast Jack her foster father's plan, at the marriage feast Jack her foster father's plan. At the marriage feast Jack her foster father's plan, at the marriage feast Jack her foster father's plan. At the marriage feast Jack her foster father's plan, at the marriage feast Jack her foster before the unhappy bride. He succeeds in grown her hes surprised in his love making by Jack, who hat surprised in his love making by Jack, who hat surprised in his love making by Jack, who has set fire to the building and is trying to see the hall way of the castle stumbles on Aimée, and in a hallway of the castle stumbles on Aimée, and in a hallway of the castle stumbles on Aimée, and in a hallway of the castle stumbles on Aimée, and in a hallway of the castle stumbles on Aimée, and in a hallway of the castle stumbles on Aimée, and in a hallway of the castle stumbles on Aimée, and in a hallway of the castle stumbles on Aimée, and in a hallway of the castle stumbles on Aimée, and in a hallway of the castle stumbles on Aimée, and in a hallway of the castle stumbles on Aimée, and in

THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT. THE TOMB IN THE DESERT.

CLEAN'S thoughts flinched from the grim outcome of his fear. He tried 111 to tell himself that he was inventing horrors, that the fire might be the simple truth, that Ryder's talk with the girl might actually have ended in farewell-at least a temporary farewell-and that his consequent low spirits had taken him off to mope in

That was undoubtedly the thing to be-Heve, at least until there was actual necessity to disbelieve it, and looking at the story in that way. McLean's Scotch sense of Providence was capable of pointing out the stern benefits of the sad visitation.

Whatever mischief might have been afoot between his friend and that unfortunate young girl the fire had prevented. And however hard Jack might take this now, decidedly the poor girl's death was better for

No more wasting himself now on sad romance and adventure. No more desire and danger. No more lurking about barred gates and secret doors and forbidden palaces. No more clandestine trysts. No more fury of mind beating against the bars of fate.

Jack was saved. Even if he had succeeded in rescuing the cirl-what then? McLean was skeptical of felicity from such contrasting lives. Better the finality, the sharp pain, the utter sepa-

His eyes returned to the young American before him. She was the unconscious answer to that future. She would seve Ryder from regret and retrospection. . . in after years, looking back from a happy and well ordered domesticity, this would all become to him a fantastic, far-off adventure, sad with the remembered but unfelt sadness of youth, yet mercifully dim and softened with

Jack must never tell this girl the story. McLean had read somewhere of the mistakes of too open revelation to women and now he was very sure of it. . . . She must never receive this hurt, never know that when she had been troubling over Jack's disappearance he had been agonizing over another girl-that the escapade she thought so intimate a lark had been a trick to see the other-that the young creature whose loveliness she so innocently praised had been her rival, drawing Jack from her

McLean would speak clearly to Ryder about this and seal his lips. . . . But first he would have to be found.

He became conscious that he had been a long time silent, following these thoughts,

"I'll do everything I can to find out about that fire," he told her. "I mean, about any discovery of Jack in the palace." he quickly amended as her face was touched with instant question. "And I'll see if any one in Cairo knows where he is. Then if nothing turns up I'll just pop out to his diggings in the morning and make sure he's all right . . . I'll get back that night and telephone you. And until then, not a word about

It. Much better not." "Not a word," Jinny promised. "And if you should happen to find out anything to-

"Ull let you know at once. Well, rather. But don't count on that. The old boy is out in his tombs, dusting off his mummles. You may get a letter, yourself, in the morning," he threw out with heartening inspiration, "and while you are reading it. I'll be tearing along to the infernal desert----

He had brought the smile to her eyes as well as lips. Bright and reassured and comfortably dependent upon his resourceful alrength, she took her leave.

But there was no smile remaining upon

Andrew McLean's visage

Twenty-four hours. Two nights and a day . . . And the girl was dead and in her grave-Moslems wasted no time before interment-and Jack was-where?

. Clinging to that plunging horse, Ryder made little attempt at first to guide the flight. It was enough to keep himself in the saddle and Aimée in his arms while every galloping moment flung a farther distance between them and that palace of horror.

His heart was beating in a wild, triumphant exultation. Glorious to be out under the free sky, the wind in his face, the open world ahead! He felt one with that dashing crea-

And Aimée was in his arms, untouched, unhurt, out from the power of that sinister man and the expectation of dread things.

The moment was a supreme and glorious

They were headed south. And to Ryder's exhilaration this seemed good. Cairo offered no hiding place for that fugitive girl. Even the harbor that McLean could give would not be proof against the legal forces of the Turks. Law and order, power and police were all in the hands of the husband or father. Even now the alarm might be given, the telephones ringing.

Aimée must be hidden until she could be smuggled to France-or until the French authorities could get out their protective documents. The hiding place that occurred to Ryder was a wild and desperate expedient.

The American hospital at Siut. The isolation ward-the pretense of contagious illness. And then later travel north, in the care of

All this, if he could win over one of the doctors. At that moment winning over 2 doctor appeared a sane and simple thing to Ryder's mind. The only difficulty he recognized was getting Aimée into that hospital.

But they would not be looking for him in the south. He could manage it, he felt jubilantly. He could smuggle her into his diggings at night and then make his arrangements. Anything, everything was possible, now that the nightmare of a palace was left behind them.

South they went then, at a quieter pace, the Arab's rhythmic footfalls ringing through the still, gray world of before dawn. Across the Nile they made their way, working out on sandbars to the narrow depths, where Ryder swam beside the swimming horse while Aimée clung to the saddle. Then south

The sky was light now. And the river was light. Only the palms and the villages and the flat dhurra fields were dark. And in the east behind the Mokattam hills a thin band of gold began to brighten

Life was stirring. Small black boys on huge black buffaloes splashed in the river. Veiled girls with water jars on their high held heads from which the shawls trailed down to the dust filed past from the villages like a Parthenon frieze. On the high banks the naked fellasheen were already stooping to the incessant dipping of the shadouf, while from the fields came the plaintive creaking of the well sweep as some harnessed camel or bullock began its eternal round.

A flock of sheep came down the river road, driven by their ragged shepherds, and a string of camels, burdened beyond all semblance to themselves, bobbed by like rhythmic haystacks, led by a black robed, bare footed child, carrying a live turkey in her arms, while before her rode her father, in shining pongee robes on a white donkey strung with

And by these travelers there passed in that brightening dawn two other travelers from the north, a pair on a powerful but tired black horse, a man in a military cloak and a green and gold turban about his bronzed head, and behind him, on a pillion, a black mantled, black veiled girl, with bare,

It was Aimée who had evolved the disguise, constructing the turban from the negligee beneath her mantle, and it was Aimée who bargained with the villagers for their breakfast, eggs and goat's milk and bread and rice, while her lord, as befitted his dignity, stayed aloof upon his steed, returning a courteous response of "Allah salimak-God bless you" to their greetings.

Then as the day brightened and the last soft veil of mist was burned away before a blood red sun, that pair of travelers left the highroad and turned west upon a byway that led past fields of corn and yellow water and mud villages where goats and naked bables and ragged women squatted idly in the dust, and on through low, red granite hills swirled about with yellow sand drift

Here fresh vigor came to the Arab horse, and tossing his mane and stretching out his nostrils to the dry air he broke into a gailop that sent sand and pebbles flying from his hoofs. To right and left the startled desert hares scattered, and from the clumps of spiky helga the black vultures rose in heavy

Then the breeze dropped, and the swift coming heat rushed at them like a furnace breath, and slower and slower they made

their way, Ryder leading the jaded horse and Aimée nodding in the saddle, mere crawling

specks across the immensity of sand. Then, in the shade of a huge clump of gray green " mit minan," beside a jutting boulder. they stopped at last to rest. The horse sank on his knees; Ryder spread out his cloak and Aimée dropped down upon its folds, lost in exhausted sleep as soon as her head touched the sands. Ryder, his back against the rock, kept watch.

It was not the exultant Ryder of that first hour of flight. The excitement of the night had subsided and withdrawn its wild stimulation. It was a hot and tired and immensely sobered young man who sat there with eyes that burned from lack of sleep and a brow knit into a taut and anxious line.

Realization flooded him with the sun. Re sponsibility burned in upon him with the

Alone in the Libyan desert he sat there. and at his feet there slept the young girl whose life he had enapped utterly off from its roots.

He was overwhelmingly responsible for her. If she had never met him, if he had never continued to thrust himself upon her. she would have gonn on her predestined way, safe, secluded, luxurious-vaguely unhappy and mutinous at times, perhaps, in the secret stirrings of her blood, but still an indulged and wealthy little Moslem.

And now-she lay there, like a sleeping child, the dark tendrils of hair clinging to her moist, sun-flushed cheeks, her long lashes mingling their shadows with the purple underlinings of the night's terrors, homeless, exhausted, resourceless but for that anxious eyed young man.

Desperately he hoped that she would not wake to regret. Even a sardonic tyrant in a palace might be preferable in the merciless daylight to a helpless young man in the Libyan degert.

And she was so slight, so delicate, so made for rich and lovely luxury . . . Looking down at her he felt a lump in his throat . . . a lump of queer, choking tenderness

He wanted to protect her, to save her, to spend himself for her He felt for her a reverent wonder, a stirring that was at once protective and possessive and deny-

He would die to save her. He tried to tell himself reassuringly that he had saved her . . . If only he could keep her safe.

He thought of the life before her. He thought of that family in France in whose name he had urged his interference. That unknown Delcassé aunt who had sent out her agents for her lost heirs-would she welcome and endow this lovely girl?

He could not doubt it Almée's youth and beauty would be treasure trove to a jaded lonely woman with money to invest in futures. Aimée would be a belle, an

He looked down at her with a sudden darkness in his young eyes . . . And still she slept, wrapped in the sorry mantle of his masquerade, the torn chiffons of her negligee fluttering over her slim bare feet.

. There were several approaches to the American excavations. McLean, on that morning after his visit from Jinny Jeffries. chose to borrow a friend's motor and man and break the speed laws of Upper Egypt, and then shift to an agile donkey at the little village from which the gulleys ran west through the red hills into the desert.

It was a still, hot day, without cloud or wind, and the sun had an air of standing permanently high in the heavens, holding the day at noon. Shimmering heat waves quivered about the base of the farther hills and veiled the desert reaches. It was not conducive to comfort and Andrew McLean was not comfortable. He was hot and sticky and sandy and abominably harassed.

Not a creature, as far as he could discover, had seen Jack Ryder in Calro since the afternoon of that reception at Hamdi Bey's. He had not been seen at the museum nor the banks, nor at Cook's nor the usual restaurants, nor at the clubs with his friends. And the clever clerk-with the two brothers in the bazaar-had unearthed quite a bit of disquieting news about that reception-disquieting, that is, to one with secret

There had been a fire in the apartments of the bride of Hamdi Bey and the bride had been killed instantly-that much was known to all the world. The general had been distracted. He had sat brooding beside his bride's coffin, allowing no one, not even her father, to look upon the poor charred remains that he had placed within. He had been a man out of his mind with grief, gnawing his nails, beating his slaves-O, assuredly it had been a calamity of a very

One of the brothers in the bazaar had himself talked with an old crone whose sister's child was employed in the general's kitchen, and the fourth hand story had lost nothing

The bride's youth and beauty, her jewels, her robes, the general's infatuation, and the general's grief-the reports of these ran through the city like wildfire. And from the particular channel of the kitchen maid and the old aunt and the brother in the bazaars came news of the very especial means that Allah had taken to preserve the general from

For he had been in the bride's apartments just before the fire. But the power of Allah, the all seeing, had sent a thief, a prowler by night, upon the palace roofs, and the screams of a girl in the upper story had called the general to that direction.

And so his preservation had been accom-

It was that rumor of the thief upon the roofs which sent the chill of apprehension down McLean's spine. For, though the bazaars knew nothing of the thief's identity, and it was reported he had escaped by the river, yet McLean telt the sinister finger of suspicion. If the thief had not been a thief-unless of brides'-and if he had not

Impatiently the young Scotchman clapped his heels against the donkey's sides, enhancing the efforts of the runner with the gesticulating stick.

Suppose, now, that he should not find Jack at the excavations?

It was encouraging, somehow, to hear the monotonous rise and fall of the labor song proceeding as usual, although McLean immediately told himself that the work would naturally be going on under Thatcher's direction whether Ryder were there or not. The camp knew nothing of Cairo. The camp would be as usual.

And yet, after his first moment's survey. he had an indefinite but uneasy idea that the camp was not as usual.

True, the tatterdemalion frieze of basket bearers still wove its rhythmic way over the mounds to the siftings where Thatcher was presiding, as was his wont, but in the native part of the encampment there appeared a aly stir and excitement.

The unoccupied, of all ages and sexes, that usually were squatting interminably about some fire or sleeping like mummles in hermetically wrapped black mantles, now were gathered about in little whispering knots, whose backward glances betrayed a sense of uneasiness, and as McLean rode past, a young Arab who had been the center of attention drew back with such carefulness to escape observation that McLean's shrewd eves marked him closely.

It might be that his nerves were deceiving him, but there did seem to be something surreptitious in the air.

Over his shoulder he glimpsed the young Arab hurrying out of the camp.

It might be anything or nothing, he told himself. The man might be going shopping to the village and the others giving him their commissions, or he might be an illicit dealer in curios trying to pick up some dishonest treasure. In native diggings those hangerson were thick as flies.

He dismounted and hurried forward to meet Thatcher's advance. The men had rarely met, and Thatcher's air of hesitation and absent mindedness made McLean proffer his name promptly with a sense of speeding through the preliminaries. Then, with a manner he strove to make casual, he put his

"I say, is Ryder back?"

He knew in the moment's pause how tight suspense was gripping him. Thatcher glanced toward the black, yawning mouth of a tomb entrance.

"Why, yes-he's down there." He added: "Been a bit sick. Complains of the sun."

For a moment his relief was so great that McLean did not believe in it. Jack here-Jack absolutely safe-

Mechanically he put, "When did he come "When?" Thatcher hesitated, trying to re-

call. "O, night before last-rode in after dark." He added, reassuringly, as the other swung about toward the tomb: "He says there's nothing really wrong with him. There's no temperature."

McLean nodded. His relief now was acutely compounded with disgust. He felt no lightning leap of thanksgiving that his friend was safe, but rather that flash of irritated reaction which makes the primitive parent smack a recovered child.

Not a thing in the world the matter! A mare's nest-just as he had prophesied to Miss Jeffries. Why in heaven's name hadn't Jack the decency to send that over anxious young lady a card when he abandoned town so suddenly? . . . Not that McLean blamed Miss Jeffries Given the masquerade and Jack's disappearance and a zealous feminine interest, her concern was perfectly

But McLean had left a busy office and taken an anxious and uncomfortable excursion, and his voice had no genial ring as he shouted his friend's name down the dark entrance to the tomb shaft.

In a moment he heard a voice shouting hollowly back, then a wavering spot of light appeared upon the inclined floor and Ryder's figure emerged like an apparition from the

"I say! That you, Andy?"

Evidently he had been snatched from sleep. His dark hair was rumpled, his face flushed, and he yawned with complete frankness.

McLean knew a sudden yearning to put an arm about him. Dear old Jack! Dear, irresponsible scamp! His reaction of the irritation vanished. It was so darned good to see the old chap again.

He muttered something about being in the cicinity while Ryder, rousing to hostship, called directions to the cook boy to bring a tray of luncheon.

"It's cool down here," he told McLean, leading the way back.

It was cool, indeed, in the Hall of Offerings. It was also, McLean thought, satisfying a recovered appetite, a trifle depressing.

They sat in a small island of light in an ocean of gloom while about them shadowy

columns towered to indistinguishable heights and half seen carvings projected their strange suggestions.

It seemed incongruous to be smoking cigarets so unconcernedly at the feet of the ancient gods.

But McLean's feeling of depression might have been due to his renewed awareness of catastrophe. For, though Jack was here, safe and sound enough, although a bit unlike himself in manner, yet Jack had been at that confounded reception in a woman's rig. and Jack had seen the girl and talked with herapparently on terms of understanding.

And if Jack had left Cairo that night, as he said he did-claiming delay on the way due to a tired horse-then Jack knew nothing in the world of the palace fire and the girl's sudden and tragic death.

And McLean would have to tell him. He would have to tell him that the girl he was probably dreaming of in some fool's paradise of memory and hope was now only a little mound of dust in an Oriental cometery. That a shaft of temporary wood already marked the grave of Aimée Marie Dejane. daughter of Tewfick Pasha and wife of

And, however much McLean's sound sense might disapprove of the whole fantastic affair and his sober judgment commend the workings of Providence, he loved his friend, and he feared that his friend loved this lost girl. He had to end love and hope and romance

and implant a desperate grief. He thought very steadily of Jinny Jeffries. He cleared his throat.

"Jack, old man---

He started to tell him that there had been a fire in Cairo, a most shocking fire in a haremlik. It seemed to him that Jack was not listening, that he had a faraway yet intent look upon his face, as of one attending to other things. And then suddenly Jack seemed to gather resolution and turned to his friend with an air of narration of his own. "Look here, McLean, there's something I

want to tell you--"Walt a minute, now," said McLean, quietly. "I want you to hear this. . .

It was a fire in the palace of your friend, Hamdi Bey."

He had Jack's attention now-he was fairly conscious of arrested breath. Not looking about him, he went grimly on: "The night of the wedding a fire started in the haremlik. . . . It was a bad business, a very bad business, Jack. For the girlthe girl Hamdi had just married-"

He was conscious of Jack's look upon him, but he did not turn to meet it. "She died," he said, heavily. "He buried

her yesterday." He thought that Jack was never going to

Then, "Died?" said Ryder, in an odd voice. "I expect she breathed in a bit of smoke," said McLean, trying for a merciful sugges-

" And he buried her'

Jack was like a child trying to fit bewildering facts together. McLean's sympathy hurt him like a physical pain. He wondered what it could be like to realize that some loved one you had just talked with, in radiant life, was now gone utterly.

And then he heard Jack laugh. Mad, he thought quickly, turning now to look at him. Ryder's head was tilted back; Ryder's

shoulders were shaking. "O, my aunt!" he gasped, hysterically. "My Aunt Clarissais that what Hamdi says?"

He sobered instantly and leaned towards McLean. "That looks as if he's done with her-what? Saving his face that way? You're sure it was Almée-the girl he had just married? Not some other girl-some cowife or something?"

And as McLean bewilderedly muttered that he was sure. Ryder began to laugh againto laugh jubilantly, joyously, triumphantly.

"He's given her up-he's got a saving explanation to thrust in the world's face. O. blessed Allah, veiler of all that should be veiled! The man's through. He's had enough. He isn't going to try to-"

Across the bright oblong of the entrance a sudden shadow appeared.

"Ryder-I say, Ryder!" said a hurried voice-Thatcher's voice-and Thatcher came hastily forward in perturbed urgency.

"There's a lot of men outside-police and natives and what not-with warrants. They're searching the place. And they want to see you. . . . Hang it all, Ryder," said Thatcher, explosively but apologetically, "they say you've made off with some shelk's

He paused, shocked at the monstrosity of the accusation. He was a delicate minded man-outside of his knowledge of antiquities -and he evidently expected his young assoclate to fall upon him and slay him for the

"A sheik's daughter?" said Ryder in a mildly wondering voice. From his emphasis one might have inferred he was saying: "How odd! I don't remember any shelk's daughter."

A queer, uncomfortable flush spread fanways from Thatcher's thin temples and rayed across his high cheekbones. He did not look at either of the men as he murmured: "It's most peculiar, but that Arab horse-the shelk claims the horse is his, too. He says you rode off on it with his daughter."

"That's all right," said Ryder, absently. "I don't want the borse. But you say the shelk's there? What does he look like? Thin-with blonde mustaches?"

"O, no, no, not at all. He is quite heavy

and bearded-one eved, if I recollect. But there is a man with a blonde mustache who appears to do the directing-"

"And you mean they are searching?" said Ryder, abruptly. "You've let them in?"

"They have warrants," Thatcher protested. "And there are proper policemen cenducting the search-

"My good God! Where are they now? Not coming here? I won't have any policemen trampling here and meddling with my finds-tell them to clear out. Thatcher, you know there's no sheik's daughter here! "

Ryder gave a quick laugh, but the impression of his laughter was not as sharp as the impression of his alarm.

"I did tell them it was preposterous," Thatcher began, "but, you see, after finding the horse-"

"O, the horse! I got him for a song-of course the beggar is stolen. Give him back. if they claim him. But as for any sheik's daughter, keep the crowd out Thatcher T won't have them here, not in these tombe---"

"I tell you they are policemen-they are armed-you can't resist-

"How many are they? A lot? But they'll take your word, won't they? Look here, Mc-Lean, can't you settle this for me and keep

"The natives have been talking." murmured Thatcher, reddening still deeper, " and they have said enough about your riding in at night and-and keeping to this tomb all day to make the men very suspicious. They

are watching this one now-" "Then keep them back-as long as you can. For God's sake," entreated Ryder with that strange passionate violence. "Andyyou do something-hold them back. Give me time. I-I've got to get some things together-I won't have them at my things-

hold them back. Out there. Till I come." He was gone. Gone, tearing back into the gloom and silence of his tomb. And McLean and Thatcher, astounded witnesses of his outburst, turned speedly to the entrance, avoiding each other's eyes.

Agitatedly Thatcher was murmuring that Ryder's finds were valuable, immensely valuable, and it was disturbing to contemplate any invasion, and with equal agitation but more mechanical calm, McLean was murmuring that he understood-he quite under-

As for understanding, he was stunned and dazed. A shelk's daughter! And the father himself claiming her-under the direction of a blonde mustached man. . .. And a stolen horse. . . Jack conceding the horse, . . . Jack utterly upset at the

search party. . . . But he himself had seen that new placed shaft with its inscription to Aimée Marie Dejane . . . What then in the name of wonders did this mean? There couldn't be another girl? McLean's imagination faltered, then dashed on at a gallop. Somesome handmaiden, perhaps, whom Jack had rescued in mistaken chivalry? Perhaps the

French girl has sent a maid on ahead? McLean's head was whirling now. One thing appeared quite as possible as another. Pasha's daughters and sheik's daughters, stolen horses, and Djinns, and Afrits, and palaces, and masquerades at wedding receptions appeared upon the same plane of

Outwardly he was extremely calm. Calm.

and cold, and crisp. At the mouth of the tomb he detained the party of native policemen with their hangers-on of curious natives and examined, with great show of circumspection and authority, the perfectly regular search warrants which had been issued for them at the instigation of an apparently bereft parent.

He conversed with the alleged parent, a stolid, taciturn native dignity, whose accusstions were confirmed by eagerly assenting followers. He lived in a small village, not far north of the camp. He had a young daughter, year beautiful. Three nights ago he had surprised her with this young American and they had fled upon his noblest

It was a simple and direct story. And Jack-by his own report-had been out upon the desert that night, had appeared upon the next night with this unknown and beautiful horse, and had since kept to the tomb, claiming illness, in a most persistent The camp boys had testified that he had

been vividly critical of the food sent in to him, and that he had required extraordinary amounts of heated water. "All of which," McLean said sternly, in

the vernacular, "amounts to nothing-unless you can discover the girl." "And that, monsieur," said a Turk in the

uniform of the sultan's guards, appearing beside the desert sheik, "that is exactly what we are here to do." McLean found himself looking into a thin, menacing face, capped with a red fez, a face deeply lined, marked by light, arrogant

eyes, and embellished with a huge, blonde mustache. "And your interest in this, monsieur?"

he questioned. "I am a friend of Sheik Massan's! " said

the Turk loftly. "I shall see that my friend obtains his rights." And in McLean's other ear a distraught Thatcher was murmuring, "That officer chap is Hamdi Bey-a general of the guards. You know, Mr. McLean, this really is-you know,

Hamdi Bey . . . Hamdi here, two days after his distressing loss, befriending thit shelk and trying to involve Jack Ryder in

(To be concluded.) (Copyright, 1919; By Mary Hastings Bradley.)